Sursutee.
"Add ten years to my life." answered

"Add ten years to my life," answered Aje,b.
"Impossible! My son vour days are numbered since your birth. You shall die when the first ray of sun will shine on the pagoda of Willia Karmia, and already the dawn of day whitens the horizon."

"Grant me ten days." replied Ajeeb.
"I can not give you more than a day "said the goddess, "this present day, because the order of this world will not be disturbed by granting this favor to you, and also because you have been a good and wise man. At the end of this day, remember to come here and die," and Sursutee disappeared.

Ajeeb rose, dressed himself, made his ablutions and went out saying. "There is a new life commencing for me; let me be careful not to waste it."

He met a Brahmin, who said to him: "Ajeeb, if you are willing to write the history of Aureng Zeb, the glorious founder of the Mahratta's empire, I will give you a field of betel, a castle with a forest of palm trees and six onness of gold."

"I fa is too short."

field of betel, a castle with a forest of palm trees and six onness of gold."

"Life is too short." answered Ajeeb, "I have not the leisure to write histories: I must live; let me pass!"

A Captain who recruited men for the army said to him: "Ajeeb, our victorious Emperor wants to fight the King of Elephanta; will you take the bow and arrow!" "What foolishness?" replied Ajeeb, "to kill people that must die. I will not be the valet of Death."

or of family who had nine daughers, the nicest girls that one could see, said to him: "Ajeeb, I will give you my young-est daughter with two elephants."

to him: "Ajeeb, I will give you my youngcat daughter with two elephants."

"I have not time to marry," replied
Ajeeb. "I must pray to the blue god. In
regard to your elephants, they would embarrass me a great deal; the burden of my
life is heavy enough to carry, without adding two elephants to it."

The father of family, sugered by his refusal, put his right thumb to his nose,
which is in Hindostan a very serious insult.
Ajeeb thought: "Life is too short, I have
not time to avenge myself."

A savant said to him "My learued
friend, you who know avery thing, are

riend, you, who know every thing, are nyited by the Brahmins of Tchina Patnam to pass fifteen days with them in their dark room to discover the causes of the eclipses and to write a book on the discov-

The News-Herald.

WEDNEMAY, MAT 18, 1886.

WILLISBOOD, 1. ORIO.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Hish "son, stranger," Yes not puty at "engineer to the color of the color

in each of them be sawglittering two large eyes under the ringlets of a boad of hair is black as abony and a face sweet and gilded as Radha's.

Dreams are mysterious things which cause us to forget the hour and space, so Ajech awaking had in his remembrance several years of happiness passed with his twelve thousand queens in the Arabian gulf among pearl, coral, amber and gold; he found himself in the shadow of the og Nandy before the temple of Elora. According to his astronomical observations he had slept eight hours, and but for a hideous serpent that bit him he would have added many years to his fantastical happiness in the Maldive Islands.

Sighing, Ajeeb said to himself: "I have but twelve hours to live, and I swear that I am exceedingly embarrassed with my existence. I have twelve centuries before me. If it was not through fear to displease Siva, I would go and throw myself on the rock down below, in order to be relieved from the burden of those twelve hours, which are killing me under their weight. At least, if I could sleep again until the end of my days, that will come with the next sun. I would see again my kingdom and my harem of queens in the mirror of the gulf; but alas! when the natural need of sleep will return to me I shall be dead! Oh! it is surely now that I understand the mysteries of our life! We experience only contested pleasures lasting a few minutes and uncontested troubles and sorrows, lasting forever. The best part of our life is the sleeping one. If the celestial India, if the blue god granted me a third life. I would accept it, solely on the condition of sleeping always."

As he finished his monologue, taking care to pronounce it syllable by syllable, with an affected slowliness for the purpose of Nagour, who had just descended from his elephant to kneel before the temple of Des Arantara or Ten Incarnations. The bonze of Nagour, who had just descended from his elephant to kneel before the temple of Des Arantara or Ten Incarnations. The bonze of Nagour was named Dhealy: he had left Bhe

"Do you ask the aim of a distraction from me?" replied the bonze.
"I ask it on my knees, Star of Nagpur,"

from me?" replied the bonze.

"I ask it on my knees, Star of Nagpur," answered Ajeeb.

"Shegmadid, the glorious architect of the temples of Elora, who has been raised to the dignity of god, and who travels the blue firmament on the chariot of Suriah, has commanded the bronzes to give alms to the poor," said Dhealy. "Obeying his orders. I consent to play five games of chess with you, that is to say, I will give you ten hours of voluptuousness to render jealous the charte goddess Sista."

Ajeeb opened wide his big, black eves and his face took the expression of a deep astonishment. He thought the remedy a great deal worse than the disease and muttered some unintelligible words that the bonze interpreted as no expression of deep gratitude for the pleasure promised. Ajeeb wasperhaps the only Hindoo in this learned century that did not know how to play chess, and he had forgotten in his dream of the Maldive Islands that the goddess Sursute, when she had granted him another day of life, had also given him an universal science, adapting itself to any thing. It was only when seated before the chess-board that Ajeeb felt in himself the intelligence of a chess player and the spentaneous revelations of the most compili-

intelligence of a chess player and the spen-taneous revelations of the most compli-cated combinations. A jemadar had taken out the bonze

Ajeeb.
"You are right," said the bonze. "A
man tired heartily needs only two things:
A bed and a chess board."—Translation
from the French, in N. Y. Graphic.

CARP PONDS.

How They May be Constructed to the Best Advantage and at Small Cost. The cultivation of carp is of sufficient importance to fully warrant the construction of ponds for the purpose. But there already exist, on many farms, ponds used for the collection of ice and for watering live stock, which could be converted into carp ponds at a nominal cost. There are also many hollows and depressions in the land that, by made to answer the purpose admirably. It is very desirable on several accounts to have your pond so you can draw the water off any time you wish. stroying the enemies to carp. By draining the ponds once a year the intruders can be removed. The best de-vice to put in a pond to drain it, is a cast-iron pipe (they are the cheapest) six or more inches, according to the size of your pond; get it long enough to go clear through your dam and pro-ject about two or three feet at each end. Make a large wooden plug, drive it in the pipe on the inside of the dam, and when you want to drain your pond, get a pole and drive the plug out of the pipe. When the pond is dry you can drive it in again. Never build a pond where a large stream of water flows through it, be-

syon or price. When the price when t intelligence of a chess player and the sport of diver row to discover the abook on the discover the course and amount of process combinations.

Ajosh answered: "The chipses shall be set in the following the course of the course they like the best: that is bee locked up. Once deed, I shall have time enough to be sequestered between four row of the course of the cou

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Sad But Merited Pate of a Discortented and Envious Ox.

Once upon a time there lived a farmer with one daughter. He was a rich farmer, and his fields were full of corn and clover, and his orchards of apples and plums, and he had plenty of cattle, and sheep, and horses, and poul-try, and every thing was so well fed and cared for that even the geese in the pond, said: "This is the best place in the country to live in;" and so said the sage and onions, too.

Now, among the cattle there were

Now, among the cattle there were two oxen, named Big Cherry and Little Cherry, who were brothers, fine handsome fellows, the admiration of every one in the place, and who had nothing to do but eat their fill of nice sweet grass and daisies.

One day there was a great fuss at the farm. The farmer's daughter was going to be married. Old Buttercup, the cow, said so; and when she brought the news she added, with great pr. le:

"And what do you think? When our mistress goes away I am to go with her. She says she can never relish any milk so well as mine, and her father has promised to give me to her. Dear milk so well as mine, and her father has promised to give me to her. Dear me! what a change it will be; and who can say whether for the better or worse?" And the cow sighed, and gave herself such airs on the strength of her favoritism that Little Cherry got quite angry, and said to his brother:

"Who knows but I may be a guest at the wedding, after all?" he said. "One hears news down at Saveloy's sometimes, my friends."

old thing only, and not us? Any cow can give milk; but there are no other oxen as handsome as we are. If she is taken and we left, I shall think it very was none the better for that, for Little

of him on the great day;" and sue laughed a little.

"No fear of that," answered the farmer. "He shall have the best there is to fatten him. Nothing can be too good for my daughter's wedding."

Little Cherry had listened to this in passing, and when he got into the shed he fairly stamped about in the straw with rage.

will have the ox, in henor of you, instead."

Little Cherry could now triumph openly.

"Aha!" said he to his brother and Buttercup. "Have you heard the news? It is not I, after all, who am to be set aside and despised. On the contrary I am to be the most honored guest at the wadding, and to be made a baron.

passing, and when he got into the shed he fairly stamped about in the straw with rage.

"Did you hear, brother? Did you hear?" he called out to Big Cherry—"that ugly black Saveloy invited to the wedding, and fed up for it on all sorts of dainties, that he may look beautiful, while we are left out in the cold, and not noticed! An ill-bred thing like that, who lay on his side and snored while he was being promised apples and rice, indeed! and you and I with nothing but chopped straw and grass!"

"My dear brother, don't be so silly," said Big Cherry. "What can we want better? The grass is delicious, the chopped straw and clover of the best. We have never had any thing else in our lives. Why should we begin to grumble now because Saveloy has something different?"

"Saveloy has never had any thing different?" retorted Little Cherry.
"And didn't I tell you it was to fatten him up for the wedding, that they might not be ashamed of him? I know might not be first and despised. On the contrary the wedding, and to be made a bayon into the bargain. As for Saveloy, they call him a scarecrow, and won't have the wedding, and to be made a bayon into the bargain. As for Saveloy, they call him a scarecrow, and won't have him at all."

"So, my poor friend, "said he to the poor pig, "I hear you have got the joundies, and are too ill to go to the wedding. They have asked me instead, and I am going; but you really should try to pick up. You look quite weated."

But next day the farmer came into the field with two men in blue shirts. One had a large sharp knife in his hand, and the other a piece of rope with a noose in it.

"This," said the farmer, taking hold of Little Cherry, who nearly fell down in a fit, "We were going to kill the piece of the poor pig, "I hear you have got the wedding. The wedding. The wedding. The w

him up for the wedding, that they might not be ashamed of him? I know whom they needn't be ashamed of if he was invited;" and he tossed his head

might not be ashamed of him? I know whom they needn't be ashamed of if he was invited;" and he tossed his head and slapped his legs with his tail more ill-temperedly than ever.

That night Little Cherry couldn't aleep at all. The thought that Butters cup and Saveloy were to come in for so much good fortune, and he have no share in it, made him quite miserable; and when morning came, and the cattle were driven out again to the pastures, he would not go near the others, but lingered about at the bottom of the field near the pig-styes till he saw Tom, the yard-boy, bringes large pailful of something that looked very good, and empty it into Saveloy's trough. This was too much for him; and when Saveloy was fast saleep in his sty, so he never knew what had happened, or why after that day he was left to eat his meals in peace, and grow fat again. As for Buttercup she went to give milk to the farmer's daughter in her new home; but Big Cherry remained at the farm, where the grass was as good price, for he is as fat as butter.

Poor Little Cherry would have liked to shrick aloud, and toss them all three into the air. He did moo. He did a great deal of mooing, and Buttercup and Big Cherry had be attention, and succeeded in slipping the noose over his head, after which he was led away to the slaughter-house, where they killed him.

Baweloy was fast saleep in his sty, so he never knew what had happened, or why after that day he was left to eat his meals in peace, and grow fat again. As for Buttercup she went to give milk to the farmer's daughter in her new home; but Big Cherry remained at the farm, where the grass was as good and the clover so sweet; and only yesterday his old mistress brought her baby boy to see him, and put the little fellow on his back for a ride.

Big Cherry had not one to shrick aloud, and tos the her did a strenged to shrick aloud, and to shrick aloud, and

"Yes, he's a good-for nothing lad," said the farmer, and so they went on blaming poor Tom, which was very unjust, and all the while Little Cherry was frisking about in the field on the other side of the fence, trying to attract their attention. "How much they think of Saveloy!" thought the envious ox. "I wish they would look at me!" And just then the farmer's daughter did.

"Why, father," she said, "just see what mad spirits Little Cherry is in! And how big he is growing, too!"

"So he is," said the farmer, "big and fat as well. Why, he is as round as a barrel; he must have been in my clover-field."

"Indeed I haven't." said Little Cherry."

"Indeed I haven't," said Little Cherry; but no one understood him.

"Indeed he has not," said poor Saveloy. But no one understood him.
either.

"One would think we had been tening him for Christmas," said the farmer, looking at him. "Upon my word, Polly, if the pig doesn't improve by your wedding-day I've half a mind

"Not to have Little Cherry!" oried the daughter, kissing him. "Oh, father! that would be too good. No."
"Well, we shall see," said the farmer. "I don't like the looks of that er. "I don't like the looks of that pig," and they went away. As for Little Cherry, he nearly danced for joy, and could not resist dropping more than one hint to his brother and Buttercup of what was going to hap-

oxen as handsome as we are. If she is taken and we left, I shall think it very unfair."

"How do you know you would like the place she is going to?" said Big Cherry, very sensibly, "or that she will have such good grass in summer and such a warm shed in winter? For my part, I am so happy in our home here that I quite pity our young mistress and Buttercup."

"As if they would do so unless it were for the better!" said Little Cherry, crossly, and walked away from his brother in great contempt.

Next day, when the cattle were being driven in from the meadows, they passed through the yard where stood the farmer and his daughter looking into the pig-sty.

"Certainly, Saveloy is a fine pig," said the farmer, "and there would just be time before the wedding to fat him well."

"Oh, plenty, father," said the girl; "but he must have lots of butternilk gruel every morning, and apples and boiled rice. One mustn't feel ashamed of him on the great day;" and she day." and lately was none the better for that, for Little Cherry was close by, and the moment their backs were turned he put in his head, and began to gobble up the food as quickly as he could. In vain the poor pig remonstrated. Little Cherry only stared at him fiercely, and asked him what he meant; jerking about his sharp horns so roughly that Saveloy ran away, too frightened even to be near him. Little Cherry knew he was no better than a robber, but he didn't care; and when people don't care how bad they are, there isn't much hope of curing them.

The farmer now often came to look at the pig and the ox. He shook his head at Saveloy, but patted Little Cherry on his sides; and one day he said to his son-in-law-to-be:

"See now, isn't he a fine fellow? A baron of him would be a noble thing for our feast; and after all I can afford it. As for that pig, it is a regular scarecrow, and I believe it has the jaundice. Come, we will make up our minds. It shall stay where it is, and I will have the ox, in honor of you, in-stead."

of him on the great day;" and she will have the ox, in honor of you, in

a good price, for he is as fat as but-

FOR SUNDAY READING.

A FASHIONARE STITE OF COUNTRY A

HE WILL COME.

["At even, or at midnight, or at t

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cook rowing, or in the morning."
"It may be in the evening, when the work of the day is done, And you have time to sit in the twilight, And watch the sinking sun. While the long bright day dies slowly Over the sea, And the hours grow quiet and holy With thought of Me:
White you hear she village children Passing along the street, Among those throughly footsteps May come the sound of My feet.
Therefore, I tell you: Watch By the light of the evening star, When the room is growing dusky As the cloude after:
Let the door be on the latch In your home, For it may be through the glosming I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand:
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch, Still your heart must wake and watch In the dark room, For it may be at m.dnight I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the ses looks caim and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, sha
The rivers chill,
And the morning is fading, fading
Over the hill;
Behold, I say unto you: Watch;
Let'the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning.
Between the night and morning,
I may come

I may come

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door.
And to call you from all your busy work
Forevermore;
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room, In your room, And it may be in the morning I will come."

Bo He passed down my cottage sarden,
By the path that leads to the sea.
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way:
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And litt up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the waii,
Not beeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let
I fail,
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the ses,
And wondering and wondering
When He would come back to me:
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was coming down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face;

"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given To watch for the coming of His feet Who is the giory of our blessed Heaven; The work and watching will be very aweet, Rven in an carthly home; And in such an hour as you think not, He will come."

So I am watching quietly Every day, Whenever the sun shines brightly Whenever the sun shines brightly
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look into the gates of His high pias
Heyond the sea,
For I know He is coming shortly To summon me. And when a shadow falls across the wir

dow, Of my room,
Where I am working my appeinted task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come:
And the sagel answers sweetly In my home:
"Only a few more shadows
And He will come."

—Christian Come

WHO CAN TELL?

What May Come of a Word, or a Small Offering—The Possibilities Wrapped Up in a Boy. Who can sell what shall come of a

word? It may be presently forgotten by the man whose lip uttered it, but it may have lodged like a pestilent germ in the softly succeptible soil of a youthful soul, and propagated itself with such infernal activity that not only that soul shall be corrupted and destroyed, but forth from that soul as a center shall go pernicious influences, that shall poison a whole community, or blast a whole continent. Who whis-pered the first sinister suggestion in the ear of Voltaire?

boy was right; but what manuer of man the boy shall make, no mortal man can certainly tell. He may be so fisceid and flabby, so stupid and inert, that you may be absolutely sure that he will never personally amount to much on earth; and yet he is capable of knowing Christ, and of shining, and singing, and paring to Heaven, a rensomed soul. And even here, little of him as there seems to be, he may incidentally be influential in determining the destiny of some larger soul that shall wield a scepter of far-reaching power.

shall wield a scepter of far-reaching power.

And that tow-headed, hard-headed, hard-hearted, irrepressible gamin, who is the plague of your life, and the pest of the class, may some day climb to a place of power that will make you proud and happy to have had a hand in the molding of his young life.

Yours may be a quiet country school, away down in Sleepy Hollow, or a struggling, starveling little village school, gathered in cheerless quarters, and with none of the inspiration that comes from elegant appointments, complete equipment, and a multitudinous assemblage; and yet it has frequently happened that out of just such humble places have come the masterful men that have moved the world most mightly.

Who can tell what, some day, will come of your apparently profitless labors of your apparently profitless

who can tell what, some day, will come of your apparently profitless labors of love? God only can tell; and when He does, as He will, in the day when the secrets of all hearts and lives shall be uncovered, you will be filled with adoring wonder, and will strike your harp to notes of triumphant joy.—Dr. Henson, in Baptist Teacher.

Obedience.

How difficult it is for the natural

heart to realize, or believe, that it is for its own good always to obey God in every thing! We are strongly inclined to think that obedience to our own to think that openience conceptions of what is right and proper conceptions of what is right and proper is good for us—indeed, is really best for us. There are some things which God commands us to do that we readily assent to as being for our good. But there are other things which we hesitate to accept as being really essential for our good. We incline to pursue an eclectic course. We choose that which seems to promise us good, and those things which appear inconvenient and unnecessary we discard. Obedience to some of God's commands appears to involve too much trouble to be for our certain good. It may lead us to heavy, cross-bearing and painful peril and deep disappointment and immense personal discomfort; and so we demurand debate the chances of possible good to deep disappointment and immense personal discomfort; and so we demur and debate the chances of possible good to ourselves. But our thoughts and ways are always wrong, and, therefore, productive of harm to us if they do not strictly conform to the thoughts and ways of God. There is no safety outside of following the commands of God. Human expediency is not to usurp the place of the Divine counsel and command. Whatever God tells us to do, and we do in the spirit and manner which He requires, will result in our good always. It may not always seem so to us at first. Indeed, it may appear to be for our ill, instead of good; but God, who sees the end from the beginning, knows what is for our good, and commands nothing which is not for our good. The true Christian will try and remember this and obey.—

Christian at Work.

An Invaluable Possession.

There is no possession that is comparable to character. It is the dis-mond which cuts every other stone; with it a man can penetrate and pass through any wall of difficulty. With it every misfortune is but a stepping stone to some lofty and noble end. It is an armor like that fabled one that fell down from Jupiter. Clad in it man can breast any earthly storm, and bid defiance even to the gates of hell. Said the late W. H. Vanderbilt: "I am the richest man in the world." But the poorest peasant who seeks first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness is richer than he was when he uttered these boastful words. I heard a great orator, standing over the dead form of a humble Christian, say: "There lies a man who never did a mean thing." I would rather have that said of me than to have all the gold of Australia or the pearls of the ocean. I would rather leave such a tribute as a legacy to my child, than to leave him a crown or a kingdom.—J. B. Hawthorne.

"CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—The only healthy life that a man can lead is one of constantly increasing faith.—Goldon Rule.

-A snob is a man or woman who is always pretending to be something better — aspecially richer or more fashionable—than he or she is.—Thack-